

TREASURE CHEST





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IF YOU UNSCRAMBLE EACH GROUP OF LETTERS CORRECTLY, YOU WILL SPELL THE NAMES OF THIS CAT'S FIVE FAVORITE FISH.



A SIMPLE DRAWING LESSON:

FIRST DRAW THIS →

THEN ADD THESE FEW LINES →

AND THE FINISHING TOUCHES →



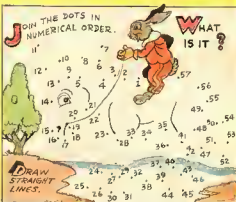
A JUNIOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE ACROSS:

2, OBSERVE; 4, GROUND CORN ETC.; 5, NOAH'S SHIP.



DOWN:

1, IT BEATS; 2, THE OCEAN; 3, A LARGE DEER.



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COACH BOB BLAKE

BASEBALL

AND HOW TO PLAY IT

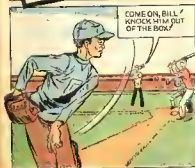
**TIPS
ON PLAYING
FIRST BASE**

COACH BLAKE'S TEAM, THE COLUMBUS BOYS' CLUB, IS AHEAD IN THE NINTH INNING, TWO TO ONE. LEFTY PREPARES TO PITCH TO A BATTER ON THE OPPOSING TEAM.

E. LEVY

COME ON, BILL!
KNOCK HIM OUT
OF THE BOX!

JIMINY!
RIGHT TO THE
SHORTSTOP!



TREASURE CHEST



TREASURE CHEST



WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEFTY? YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN YOUR SHOWER.

AW/I SURE HATED TO LOSE THAT GAME, COACH!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, ANYWAY, LEFTY. GO AND TAKE YOUR SHOWER.

WHITEY TOLD ME THAT, TOO. IF THE SHORT STOP HADN'T FUMBLE THE BALL, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO PITCH TO THE LAST MAN UP

TELL WHITEY TO COME INTO MY OFFICE WHEN HE'S THROUGH WITH HIS SHOWER.

OKAY, COACH!

WHITEY! THE COACH WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED.

RIGHT, LEFTY

LATER, IN THE COACH'S OFFICE

...AND THE FUMBLE MADE THE THROW GET TO ME LATE.

IS THAT THE WAY YOU FIGURE IT? WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS?

I WAS RESPONSIBLE? I WAS? I DIDN'T MAKE AN ERROR IN THE WHOLE GAME!

LET'S SAY YOU DIDN'T MAKE A MECHANICAL ERROR, BUT A MENTAL ERROR.

IF YOU'LL COME TO THE FIELD TOMORROW MORNING, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME POINTERS ABOUT PLAYING FIRST BASE.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING

THE FIRST THING TO PRACTICE IS FOOTWORK AROUND THE BASE SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE ANY SORT OF THROW.



THE FIRST THING TO DO, WHEN THE BALL IS HIT, IS TO GET TO THE BASE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. SPREAD YOUR FEET THE WIDTH OF THE BASE AND FACE THE MAN MAKING THE THROW.



② A. IF THE THROW IS TO YOUR RIGHT, SHIFT IN THAT DIRECTION WITH THE RIGHT FOOT, AND TAG THE BASE WITH THE TOE OF THE LEFT FOOT.

B. ON THROWS TO THE LEFT SIDE, SHIFT WITH THE LEFT FOOT AND TAG WITH THE RIGHT.

D. WHEN THE THROW IS TO THE LEFT SIDE...

C. WHEN THE THROW IS TO THE RIGHT SIDE...



③ IF THE THROW IS DIRECTLY TO YOU, REACH INTO THE INFIELD AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, TAGGING (IF YOU ARE RIGHTY) WITH YOUR RIGHT FOOT, OR (IF YOU ARE LEFTY) WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT.

④ IF A RUNNER MUST BE HELD CLOSE TO FIRST, TAKE THIS POSITION —

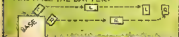
A. IF LEFT HANDED.



B. IF RIGHT HANDED.

IF THE PITCHER THROWS TO YOU, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO MAKE THE TAG IS TO DROP YOUR GLOVE TO THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE BASE.

⑤ AS SOON AS THE PITCHER THROWS TO THE BATTER, JUMP AWAY FROM THE BASE AND TAKE TWO STEPS TOWARD SECOND. START WITH THE LEFT FOOT AND FACE THE BATTER.



SO YOU SEE, WHITEY, YOUR MISTAKE YESTERDAY WAS NOT STRETCHING TO MEET THE BALL. WHEN THE SHORT-STOP FUMBLER, BECAUSE OF THAT, THE RUNNER WAS SAFE.

I GUESS THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN JUST CATCHING A BALL. I WON'T FORGET WHAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME, THANKS A LOT, COACH!



St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland

- BY GEORGE F. FOLEY, JR.

LITTLE OF PATRICK'S EARLY LIFE IS KNOWN.
WHEN HE WAS 16 - -

BORN IN 389,
THE SON OF A
ROMAN MAGISTRATE,
PATRICK'S
REAL NAME WAS
SUCCATH
HIS BIRTHPLACE
WAS PROBABLY
SCOTLAND.

THERE GOES
CALPURNIUS' SON
A SPIRITED LAD
HE IS!

HIS MOTHER
IS KINTO MARTIN
OF TOURS

I WANT YOU TO STAY
NEAR THE HOUSE.
BARBARIANS ARE
AGAIN RAIDING
OUR SHORES

YES,
FATHER

BUT THE NEXT DAY PATRICK WANDERED
NEAR THE WATER -

... AND WAS CARRIED OFF INTO
A BOAT.

LANDED SOMEWHERE ON THE
IRISH COAST, PATRICK WAS SOLD
INTO SLAVERY.

THERE IS
A STRONG
BOY.

WAIT UNTIL HE
IS FARTHER FROM
THE HOUSE. HIS
FATHER MAY
HEAR US!

LET ME GO!
MY FATHER
IS A ROMAN
OFFICER.

YOU'LL NEVER
SEE HIM, OR
ANY OTHER
ROMAN OFFICER
AGAIN.

HE'LL MAKE
A GOOD
SHEPHERD

HE IS STRONG,
AND THAT IS
WHAT COUNTS

PATRICK TENDED THE FLOCKS
AND SERVED AS A SLAVE IN THE
HOUSEHOLD OF KRIS MILCUM.

IN THOSE DAYS, DRUIDISM
WAS THE RELIGION OF IRELAND.
MILCUM WAS A DRUID PRIEST

LONGSOME FOR HIS HOME AND
FAMILY, THE BOY PRAYED OFTEN.

YOU'LL CLEAN THIS PLACE
BY DAY AND TEND THE
SHEEP BY NIGHT.

OUR MASTER
CAN MAKE DARKNESS
COVER THE LAND, AND
HE CAN CAST
STRANGE SPELLS
OVER MEN

WHAT
EVIL POWER!
IS THERE NO
GOD IN
THIS LAND?

OH, LORD, THERE IS
NO PEACE HERE. YET,
THO' I AM COULD KNOW
PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

IN TIME, HOWEVER, PATRICK MADE FRIENDS WITH THE CHILDREN OF MILCHU.



TREASURE CHEST
PATRICK WOULD TELL ANY OF HIS HOME AND HIS CHURCH. THEY BECAME STaunch FRIENDS.



FOR SIX YEARS, PATRICK HAD PLOTTED HIS ESCAPE. ONE MORNING.



HE DROVE THE SHEEP OUT OF SIGHT OF THE HOUSE.



NEXT DAY, MILES AWAY, HE WAS TIRED AND HUNGRY.



THE STRANGER PROVED TO BE A FRIEND.



TRAVELING NIGHT AND DAY, PATRICK CROSSED IRELAND AND REACHED A SEAPORT. THERE HE BOARDED A SHIP FOR BRITAIN.



HOME AGAIN, HE DECIDED TO ENTER THE MONASTERY OF HIS UNCLE, MARTIN OF TOURS.



ABOUT A YEAR LATER, MARIN DIED. PATRICK CONTINUED HIS STUDIES UNDER ST. GERMANUS.



YOU ARE A GOOD STUDENT AND SOME DAY YOU WILL BE A SCHOLAR. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD STUDY IN ROME.

THEN HE TOLD ST. GERMANUS ABOUT IRELAND.

EVERY NIGHT DURING MY PRAYERS, I SEE THE FACES OF THOSE IRISH CHILDREN. I HEAR THEIR VOICES CALLING OUT FOR THE TRUTH. I MUST RETURN TO THEM.

I WILL RECOMMEND YOUR REQUEST TO ROME.



I HAVE WORD FROM THE POPE. BISHOP PALLADIUS IS BEING SENT TO IRELAND ON A MISSION. YOU ARE TO ACCOMPANY HIM.



JUST BEFORE SETTING SAIL, PALLADIUS DIED. PATRICK WAS CONSECRATED A BISHOP AND GIVEN CHARGE OF THE MISSION. HE SET SAIL IN 432.



THE FOLLOWING YEAR HE ATTEMPTED TO LAND AT WICKLOW HEAD.



SAILING NORTH, PATRICK LANDED AT THE MOUTH OF THE BOINE. THE PEOPLE WERE ANGRY TO HEAR PATRICK SPEAK GAELIC.



THE FIRST DAY HE CONVERTED SCORES, BUT PATRICK WAS DRIVEN OF MALLOW.



NEXT DAY, DILCHU, A NEARBY KING, THREATENED PATRICK.

PATRICK STEPPED FORWARD.



MOVE ANOTHER STEP THROUGH MY LAND, AND YOU WILL DIE!



MY ARM WILL NOT MOVE! HAVE MERCY ON ME, STRANGER!

THE LORD WHO PROTECTS ME WILL HAVE MERCY ON YOU.

THE NEWS OF PATRICK'S FIRST MIRACLE WENT BEFORE HIM TO THE THRONE OF MILCHU.

CRAZED WITH TERROR AND FEAR THAT PATRICK WOULD ROB HIM, MILCHU BURNED ALL HIS POSSESSIONS.



YOUR FORMER SLAVE BOY IS COMING BACK WITH GREATER POWERS THAN ANY DRUID.

AND DILCHU IS NOW HIS FOLLOWER.



HE WILL NEVER STEAL MY TREASURES!

AS PATRICK DREW NEAR, MILCHU FLUNG HIMSELF INTO THE FLAMES.

BUT MILCHU'S CHILDREN REMEMBERED PATRICK AND WERE CONVERTED.

PATRICK THEN WENT TO IARA, THE MEETING PLACE OF THE DRUIDS. IT WAS NEARBY EASIER.



I DID NOT WANT HIS MONEY. I WAS HIS SLAVE AND I'VE BROUGHT MY RANSOM TO HIM.

HE WENT AWAY WITH FEAR.

THEY SAY THE GIRL IS GOING TO FOUND A CONVENT HERE.

YOU MUST NOT LIGHT ANY FIRES UNTIL SUNDAY THAT IS A DRUID LAW.

THE LAW OF THE CHURCH CALLS FOR PASCHAL FIRE ON HOLY SATURDAY... AND THIS IT WILL BE.

SETTING UP AN ALTAR ON A HILL OPPOSITE TARA, PATRICK LIGHTED THE PASCHAL FIRE.



ALL NIGHT LONG THE DRUIDS TRIED WITH THEIR WITCHERY, TO KILL PATRICK. AT DAWN, PATRICK CELEBRATED EASTER MASS.



THE SPELL OF THE DRUIDS BROKEN, THE KING OF ALL IRELAND CALLED PATRICK BEFORE HIM.



IMPRESSED, THE KING GAVE PATRICK THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND. WITHIN THIRTY YEARS ALL THE LAND WAS CONVERTED. IT IS A GLORIOUS CHAPTER IN THE MISSION HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT MORE COULD OUR LORD DO FOR US?

ONE THING MORE. GRANT MY REQUEST I HAVE PRAYED THAT THESE PEOPLE WILL NEVER LOSE THEIR FAITH.

THE KING LISTENED TO PATRICK.

PERHAPS THE SHAMROCK WILL TEACH YOU



IRELAND, A MEMORIAL TO THE DEED OF ST. PATRICK, HAS REMAINED CHURCHY TO THIS DAY.



Sandy in Spangles

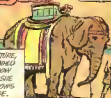
PART 5

CIXIE WILSON

THE BOSS SAYS YOU'RE TO TAKE A TURN AROUND THE BIG TOP ON RODEO RIGHT NOW.

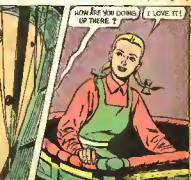
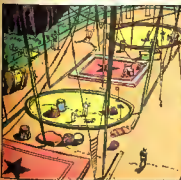
BUT HOW CAN I POSSIBLY GET UP THERE?

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD SANDY MAGILL, EAGER FOR ADVENTURE, JOINED THE GREAT HALEY CIRCUS TO WORK IN THE FAMOUS BEAR ACT OF HER FRIENDS THE BROWNSONS. THE SHOW WAS JUST ABOUT TO OPEN FOR THE SEASON, WHEN SHE WAS TOLD THAT SHE WAS TO RIDE RODEO, THE SHOW'S LARGEST ELEPHANT, IN THE GRAND ENTRY PARADE.



I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD DO IT, BUT I DID.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW. THE BIG TOP WILL BE EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR ACTS THAT ARE PRACTICING.

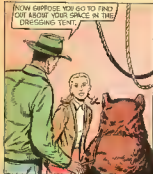


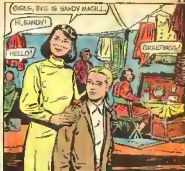
HOW ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

I LOVE IT!









SANDY IN SPANGLES! AND TOMORROW WOULD BE THE GREAT DAY!



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

CHUCK WHITE

PART
21

A CAR SOLD BY CHUCK IS INVOLVED IN A SERIOUS ACCIDENT. THE POLICE AND FBI HAVE BEGUN TO CLOSE IN ON THE SILENT CAR RACKETEERS, OF WHOM CHUCK IS THE INNOCENT VICTIM.

ON STREETCHOW NEWS
ST JOHN'S PLAYS FOR
CHAMPIONSHIP TONIGHT
THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP
IN BASKETBALL WILL BE
DECIDED TONIGHT WHEN
ST JOHN'S TANGLES WITH
WINN-DIXIE CITY IN THE
KID HOUSE AT THE GARDENS.

IT OUGHT
TO BE A SHARP
GAME. ST JOHN'S
HASN'T LOST
ALL SEASON.

LOOK AT THIS
CROWD! ANYBODY
SEE A PLACE
TO PARK?

THERE'S ROOM,
DAD! PLEASE
HURRY UP. I
WANT TO SEE
THAT GAME!



ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN PLAY WITH THAT TORN LIGAMENT IN YOUR SHOULDER? I THINK YOU'D BETTER --

MY ARM'S ALL RIGHT, FATHER, REALLY IT IS! I CAN PLAY ALL RIGHT. DON'T TALK ME OUT! THIS IS THE CHAMPIONSHIP, FATHER!

OKAY, AL! YOU MAY START, BUT IF I SEE THAT SHOULDER TAKING A BEATING, I'LL TAKE YOU OUT

RIGHT, FATHER! THANKS!



ALL RIGHT, GANG! FIFTEEN FOR THE TEAM! ALL TOGETHER, NOW! ONE! TWO! THREE!

ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL



RAH! RAH! RAH - RAH-RAH!
RAH! RAH! RAH - RAH-RAH!
RAH! RAH! RAH - RAH-RAH!
TEAM, TEAM, TEAM!!



THE TOSS. THE GAME BEGINS!



ST. JOHN'S GETS THE BALL!



UNION CITY DEFENDS STUBBORNLY. GHALTZ, ST. JOHN'S FORWARD, CUTS FOR THE BASKET TO TAKE A PASS.



HE SHOOTS... AND MISSES!
UNION CITY TAKES OVER...



UNION CITY
TRIES A
SHOT
FROM
MID-COURT



UNION CITY 2
ST. JOHN'S 0

...AND MAKES IT! UNION
CITY HAS DRAWN FIRST BLOOD!

ONLY A THREE-POINT LEAD
IN THIRD QUARTER. DO YOU
THINK WE CAN HOLD IT?

I DON'T KNOW,
AND I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
AL LOOKS.

UNION CITY 18
ST. JOHN'S 21



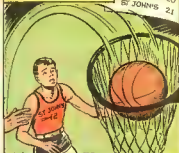


BUT COLVYN PLAYS TOO FAR FORWARD...
UNION CITY CUTS IN BEHIND HIM...



...AND SCORES EASILY!

UNION CITY 20
ST. JOHN'S 21



ST. JOHN'S
CAN'T WIN
NOW! WE'RE
GUNK WITHOUT
AL!

COME ON,
ST. JOHN'S!
COME ON!
YOU CAN
DO IT!



TWO MINUTES TO PLAY



THEY'RE GUARDING US
TOO CLOSELY. WE'LL
NEVER GET THROUGH!



THEN

HACKING,
UNION CITY!
TWO SHOTS
FOR ST. JOHN'S!



FIRST SHOT, GOOD!
UNION CITY 31,
ST. JOHN'S 29.





THEY WERE REBUILT AT A SMALL GARAGE NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN, CALLED THE ACME GARAGE, AND SOLD FROM THERE. THE GARAGE OWNER IS "BING" BOND.

DON'T KNOW HIM.

TWO OF THEM WERE SOLD BY CHUCK WHITE, ONE BY A BOY NAMED BILL RANKIN, AND THE OTHER BY CARL ADAMS.

I KNOW THEM, ALL RIGHT. RANKIN AND ADAMS WERE TWO OF THE GANG CHUCK GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH BEFORE. LOOKS AS IF HE'S BACK WITH THEM AGAIN.

IT'S BEGINNING TO NARROW DOWN, CHIEF. SHALL WE TAKE A LITTLE RIDE?

YES, BROPHY! DRIVE US, WILL YOU?

HERE WE ARE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BOND?

NO. ONLY THAT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH BUSINESS.

AND YET, HE HAS SOLD FIVE REBUILT CARS IN THE LAST SIX WEEKS. AND MAYBE MORE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT. DOES ANYBODY WORK FOR HIM?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF.

LOOK THERE!

AFTER YOU, MR. RANKIN!

YOU FIRST, MR. MURDOCK! I INSIST!

RANKIN, MURDOCK, WHITE. BACK TO THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN! ONLY WORSE, THIS TIME.

WORSE, MUCH WORSE!

WHY DO BOYS HAVE TO GET MIXED UP IN A SERIOUS THING LIKE THIS? IF THEY ONLY REALIZED WHAT WILL -- WHAT MUST COME OF IT!

YES / AND I DID LIKE THAT CHUCK WHITE TOO!



NEXT DAY

HELLO, CHUCK! ... JOE!

HELLO, FATHER BURKE.



ALL SET FOR A BIG EASTER DINNER?

SURE, FATHER. JOE'S FAMILY AND MY FATHER ARE COMING OVER TO MRS. BURKE'S. WE'LL HAVE LAMB AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS.



THE WORLD SEEMS A PRETTY GOOD PLACE TO YOU NOW, DOESN'T IT, CHUCK?

THAT'S RIGHT, FATHER.



YOU WERE FAITHFUL TO DAILY MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION DURING LENT, JOE. I WISH MORE OF THE BOYS HAD FOLLOWED YOUR FINE EXAMPLE.

THANK YOU, FATHER.



WELL, RUN ALONG AND ENJOY YOUR VACATION. WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU WHEN IT'S OVER.



I DIDN'T EXACTLY THINK ABOUT IT UNTIL FATHER BURKE MENTIONED IT, BUT THE WORLD IS A PRETTY FINE PLACE, ISN'T IT?



TO BE CONTINUED

The legend of the

SNAPDRAGONBY
MARGARET
FOLEY

TO THE VILLAGE
OF PENSMANIA,
YOUNG PAUL LINED
UP HIS WORD THAT
A TERRIBLE DRAGON
WAS HEADING IN
THAT DIRECTION.

WE'LL EAT UP ALL OUR FOOD
AND CROOK, AS WE
DID IN OTHER VILLAGES.

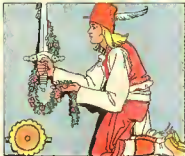
WE'LL ALL
STARVE!

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE
KILL THE DRAGON?

THE DRAGON'S WIDE IS SO
TOUGH THAT NOTHING HAS
BEEN ABLE TO PIERCE IT.

OVER THE
FIREPLACE IN
PAUL'S COTTAGE,
HUNG A SWORD
THAT HIS FATHER
HAD GIVEN HIM.
IF THE SWORD
WERE USED FOR
GOOD DEEDS, IT WOULD
GIVE EXTRA
STRENGTH TO
ITS OWNER.

I WONDER IF I COULD
KILL THE DRAGON WITH
MY MAGIC SWORD.



PAUL DECIDED THAT
HE WOULD TRY TO
SLAY THE MONSTER.

BE CAREFUL,
PAUL.

WE WILL
PRAY FOR
YOU.

PAUL PASSED VILLAGES WRECKED BY
THE DRAGON.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE
I CAN FIND THE DRAGON?
I'M GOING TO TRY TO
KILL HIM.

HE LIVES IN A CAVE A
LITTLE FARTHER. ON
BE CAREFUL, SON, AND
GOD BE WITH YOU!



PAUL FOUND THE CAVE HE COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF THE DRAGON BREATHING WITHIN IT.

HOW SHALL I EVER GET HIM OUT OF THE CAVE TO KILL HIM?



JUST THEN, A LITTLE BIRD PERCHED ON PAUL'S SWORD HILT.

I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE COME TO KILL THE DRAGON, AND I WANT TO HELP YOU.



THANK YOU, LITTLE BIRD, BUT I HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL HE COMES OUT OF THE CAVE.

I CAN GET HIM OUT.



YOU CAN?

YES, I SHALL SING. THE DRAGON HATES TO HEAR BIRDS SING AND HE COMES OUT AT ONCE TO TRY TO CATCH THEM.



HOW SHALL I KNOW WHEN HE'S COMING OUT, SO I MAY BE READY WITH MY SWORD?

WHEN I SEE HIM COMING, I'LL WARN YOU WITH A SNAPPING SOUND.



BUT I DON'T WANT THE DRAGON TO SEE YOU AND HURT YOU, LITTLE BIRD.

NEVER FEAR, I'LL BE WELL HIDDEN.



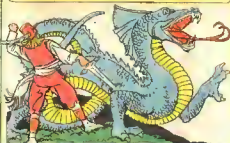
PAUL WAITED, WHILE THE BIRD SANG BEAUTIFULLY.



THEY, SUDDENLY, CAME THE WARNING!
PAUL HELD THE MAGIC SWORD READY.



WHEN THE DRAGON CAME OUT, PAUL MADE A QUICK LUNGE. THE
MAGIC SWORD CUT RIGHT THROUGH THE LEATHERY SKIN AND
INTO THE DRAGON'S HEART.



YOU HELPED ME SAVE MANY
LIVES, LITTLE BIRD. TELL ME,
HOW DID YOU MAKE THAT
SNAPPING SOUND?

WITH THIS FLOWER. WHEN
I PULLED ITS PETAL DOWN
WITH MY BILL, IT SNAPPED
BACK.



AFTER THANKING THE BIRD, PAUL
STARTED BACK TO PENSAMANIA.



EVERYONE WILL BE
HAPPY TO KNOW
THAT THE DRAGON
IS DEAD. HOW SUR-
PRISED THEY'LL BE
WHEN I TELL THEM
ABOUT THE BIRD AND
THE FLOWER!

BUT WHEN PAUL REACHED PENSAMANIA,
HE FOUND EVERYONE ALREADY REJOICING
AND WELCOMING HIM HOME.

WE'VE HEARD THE
GOOD NEWS, PAUL!

AND ALL ABOUT THE
LITTLE BIRD AND
THE SNAPDRAGON.



THE
SNAPDRAGON?

YES FROM NOW ON
WE'LL CALL THAT
SNAPPING FLOWER
THE "SNAPDRAGON."



THAT'S
THE SAME
SNAPDRAGON
YOU KNOW
TODAY. IT
REALLY SNAPS,
TOO. TRY IT
SOMETIME.



KNOW-it-all JOE



THIS was not much really wrong with Joe Wilkinson. He was a fine looking boy, a better than average athlete, and he did well in his class work. In fact, were it not for one thing, Joe might have been the most popular boy in school. Joe was a know-all.

It is boring to listen to someone who knows everything—or thinks he does. The wiser a man gets, the more he realizes how little he does know. But not Joe. He was an authority on all subjects. Just to impress his friends, he rarely missed a chance to interrupt or contradict them.

That was why Joe was thrown off the football team. He was a good runner and a fair tackler. What's more, he could kick, and it was always good to have a man in the back field who could kick the team out of a hole during a game. So Joe had gone in as left halfback. And for the first few games he had done very well.

As to everything else, Joe just would not stay as left halfback. Jack O'Toole, the quarterback,

who called all the plays, had good football sense. He always managed to pick the play which found the other team off balance. During one game, he called for Joe to kick. It was only third down, but the other team was not prepared for a kick, and it would have caught them napping. Joe went back into kick formation, but, instead of kicking, he decided to run with the ball.

This ruined the play. The other team rushed in, throwing Jack for a five-yard loss. What was worse, he fumbled the ball, the other team recovered, and they went on to score a touch-down and win the game. Once more Joe did that, before Jack O'Toole asked him to leave the team.

"As long as I am Captain, I call the signals," said Jack. "We can't use a man, no matter how good he is, who won't play for the team."

"Oh, you just don't know a smart player when you see one," answered Joe. "I know more about football than all your fellows put together." But he left the team.

Another time, he was dismissed as an altar boy. It happened at Christmas. Father Kramer had selected the eighth grade boys to serve Midnight Mass. They had to rehearse, for they had never served Solemn Mass before. Father Kramer wanted the ceremonies at Midnight Mass to be flawless.

Joe was one of the boys selected. But he didn't attend rehearsal. That afternoon he stayed at home. His sister Jean, a seventh-grader at Holy Innocents School, knew that Joe should have been at rehearsal.

"Why, Joe, you're supposed to be at the rehearsal," she said when she came home and found him. "You had better hurry or you won't be permitted to serve Midnight Mass. And you know how much Mother and Dad want you to be in the sanctuary this Christmas."

"Rehearsals are for those 'goons' who don't know how to serve," said Joe, he laughed at her. "I know all about serving Mass. And don't

women. "I'll be on the altar all right."

Joe was right. He did serve Midnight Mass. He had told Sister Ruth that he could not come to rehearsal because of his errand. Sister believed him and permitted him to serve.

But Joe was conspicuous for his blunders in the sanctuary. He did not know when to stand or kneel. The other altar boys had to judge him, or pull his cassock, to prevent his walking the wrong way. Father Kramer, knowing that Joe had not been at rehearsal, was arked. He felt that Joe was a distraction to the parishioners. And at Christmas, of all times!

To make matters worse, Sister Ruth discovered that Joe had lied about his errand. Joe was barred from the altar.

These things might have made him slump his head in defeat, but he became worse. His knowledge of sin was more evident than ever in class, for Joe began to believe that since he knew everything, he need not study. Little by little his marks went down. Not only was he losing his friends, but there were indications that he might not be promoted.

There was no way of knowing what might have happened to Joe, were it not for the Scout hike to the Alpine Woods. Joe had been a Scout for awhile, but he had not attended meetings regularly. And finally he was dropped from the troop roll.

Every Washington's Birthday, the Scouts hiked to the Alpine Woods. The troop went to seven o'clock Mass and then took a trolley to Westfield right on the border of the Woods. Then followed a three-hour hike to the Doe Striker Cabin, the campsite, where they had lunch.

Joe liked to hike and he asked the Scout Master if he might go. At first, the Scout Master was going to say "no." But he had heard that Joe was getting into trouble and he thought that a day with the Scouts might help Joe. So after the boy had promised to attend meetings in the future, the Scout Master let him join the hike.

Washington's Birthday was a cloudless day. The walk through the woods was difficult and, by noon, when the Scouts arrived at the cabin, they were a hungry and tired troop. They set up fires and cooked the food they had carried in their knapsacks. After having cleaned up,

they were all set for some fun in the woods.

The campsite was in a dense section of the Alpine Forest. But it was laid out so that, within a half-mile of the site, the trails were marked. This minimized the danger of getting lost. However, the boys had been forbidden to go beyond shouting distance of the camp. The woods were tricky, and darkness fell early during February.

The troop scattered. Some of the boys began to build a lean-to. Others tried their hand at building a den. Jack O'Toole and his pals decided to build a big campfire. At night they would gather around, singing and telling stories. This was one of the finest features of the hike.

Joe asked John Bright to go for a walk. Soon they were in the midst of gray trees, out of sight of the camp. The voices of their fellow Scouts grew dim and distant, and finally were lost to the ear.

"We had better turn back," suggested John after awhile.

"Oh, don't worry. I know this place like a book," answered Joe, as they continued on deeper and deeper in the woods.

"Joe, I don't think you do know where you are going, and I'm going back," John said at last. Anxiously, they started back, returning the way they had come, they thought. But, after an hour's tramp, they were back again at the small clearing. They had been walking in a circle. Again and again they tried. Joe maintained a bold front, but, when the skies began to darken, John started to whimper. Every dozen steps or so, the boys stopped to listen, then whistled and shouted, and listened again. Their calls brought no response.

Brave Joe began to wail. As night fell about them, the wind in the trees, the creaking of branches, the rustling of pine needles, and the movement of small animals brought eerie sounds to the boys' ears. They were lost in the deep Alpine Forest—and Joe was just plain scared and made no bones about it. John was praying on his knees in the dark, and his prayers were punctuated by sobs.

"Don't be a cry baby," Joe said. "We'll get out of this somehow. We're not lost." But Joe's voice had lost its confidence.

"Not lost? Not much!" John retorted. "And

you're the cause of it all. If we ever get out of this, I'll know better than to rely on you." John's voice was bitter in the darkness.

"John, you're right. I am wrong," Joe admitted, surprised at himself. "But, if I ever get out of this, I'll never be a know-it-all again!" For the first time in his life, Joe was badly frightened.

Meanwhile, the Scout Master had organized search parties to find the missing Scouts. They had scoured the wooded hills, but the search had proved futile. Long after sundown, the searchers had returned to camp. Fear had settled on the entire group.

The Scout Master sent all, save three, of the boys back to their homes, and the three patrol leaders remained at camp. They telephoned to the State Police and reported the missing boys. Watchmen with strong searchlights tramped over miles of forest, while, above, a police plane circled low over the entire area. But keen eyes and sharp ears could find no sign of the lost boys.

Early the next morning, the Scout leaders and the police resumed their search. It was

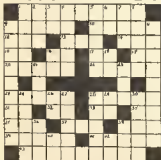
about ten o'clock when the boys, hungry, frightened, and numb with cold, heard the droning of a plane motor. Joe made his way to a clearing where, with his red handkerchief, he waved frantically at the plane.

The pilot caught Joe's signal. Dipping his wings, he flew back to report the boys' location. For two hours more, the boys waited, growing hangrier by the minute. Finally police and Scouts reached the spot. The boys were safe!

Joe had learned his lesson the hard way. After the rescue, he was true to his word. He realized that he and John might never have come out of the woods alive. Grateful to be back home and at school again, Joe determined to study hard. And, because he had conquered his know-it-all attitude, he lost no time in winning back his friends. To top it all, Sister Ruth recommended him as an altar boy.

This year, Joe is picking on the Holy Innocents School team, with Jack O'Toole as catcher. When Jack gives the signal for a certain pitch, he knows it will come in as called. Joe has become a really smart boy. He has learned that nobody knows everything.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- 1 Site of Solomon's Temple
- 2 A life
- 3 Another wasteland
- 4 Suffering, trial, or
- 5 Part of the mouth
- 6 Order
- 7 Scampering steps
- 8 Note of the muzzled wolf
- 9 Teeth
- 10 Circular engraving, letter
- 11 Put into a ship
- 12 See entry
- 13 Symbol of the Christian religion

- 14 Reward for outstanding deed
- 15 Clothes worn when busy in military order
- 16 Person's response
- 17 Scatter, diminish
- 18 Repetition
- 19 Reclined nurse, letter
- 20 Part of a pen
- 21 Through
- 22 Paper hat
- 23 Sniff
- 24 Dressed, declines
- 25 Unworthy reception, of Holy Eucharist

DOWN

- 1 The letter of David
- 2 Part of the compass
- 3 Letter
- 4 Right letter
- 5 Abuse or cowardly man
- 6 Word often used to garish meat or fish
- 7 Lobby of Congress, letter
- 8 Round of holes
- 9 Kind of sheep, letter
- 10 45 Books, catalogue, the Old
- 11 Apostolic benedictions
- 12 Behold
- 13 Letter, letter
- 14 (Shew) of intent
- 15 Removed from
- 16 A chain, riders
- 17 Moving
- 18 Father, Demian, became
- 19
- 20 Circumstances of the
- 21 State of man
- 22 Prefix, "past"
- 23 Group of primitive people
- 24 On a horse
- 25 300
- 26 District of Columbia
- 27 Letter
- 28 4th "Hapsburg"

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE PAGES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

PLAYTIME PAGE

PANEL ONE

- 1 PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER
- 2 FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS
- 3 DING DONG BELL
- 4 THREE BLIND MICE

PANEL TWO

2 3 9
8 1 5
7 4 6
1 8 0 0

PANEL THREE

TWO ELEPHANTS

CROSSWORD PUZZLE PAGE



The background of the advertisement is a stylized illustration of a purple treasure chest. The words "TREASURE CHEST" are written in large, bold, yellow-green letters across the top of the chest. To the right, a small orange circular logo contains the text "GREEN &". On the left side of the chest, there is a small illustration of a treasure map and a red and white circular emblem.

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